

## **Hungry lil Vampire by Losermultifandomidiot**

**Series:** [Steve Harrington One-Shots \[2\]](#)

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**Summary:**

You've noticed your boyfriend Steve been increasingly more tired, so your poke and prod him till he answers you.

# Hungry lil Vampire

## Author's Note:

Gender neutral reader!

“So when are you gonna tell me what’s bothering you, Baby boy.” you asked, glancing down at the round ball under the covers.

“I already told you, (Y/N), I’m fine. There’s nothing wrong.” a voice spoke from under the covers.

“Steve, baby you are not fine. You’re so sluggish lately that leads me to believe that something is definitely wrong. Just tell me Baby.” you patted the top of the blankets. The top of the blankets moved and out popped a head covered in medium short brown hair popped out, he turned to face and you could see the bags under his tired brow eyes.

“I promise you sweetheart, there’s absolutely nothing wrong. I’m just a bit tired, that’s all.” he bit his lips, eyeing you up and down for a reaction. You could tell Steve was lying; he always bit his lip when he lied. You noticed how slightly sunken in his cheeks were, his pale skin accenting the hollowness in his cheeks. You reached out and touched his face; cold to your fingertips, you rubbed your thumb in a small circle on his cheeks.

“Baby, have you been eating?” he turned away from your touch, a slight frown appearing on his face. You waited for seconds.

Then minutes.

Yet the room remained silent.

“Steve...”

“N-no I haven’t been eating.” he turned to you averting your gaze down on him.

“Steve, you know you need to eat baby. Are you out of food?” a small panic set in as he looked up at you but the fear subsided quickly as you saw a faint blush appear on his face.

"I'm gonna sound really stupid saying this." he sat up, the covers falling revealing his nice pale toned torso with moles scattered around it.

"I, uh- I haven't been eating because- your blood has ruined the taste of the other blood I get." he fingers fiddled with each other in his lap, as he look up at you with embarrassment.

"Hold on, what do you mean 'my blood' has ruined the taste of the other blood? I'm pretty sure you have a bag of my blood type in your refrigerator."

"But, it's not the same as the blood coursing through your veins." Steve's hands came up in defense waving them 'in surrender'. You gave him a small nod telling him to continue.

"Your blood is a lot sweeter than the one in my refrigerator. It's a lot more fulfilling and taste better than anyone of the blood in my fridge. I really can't stomach them anymore, because I'll end up eating too much to where I feel sick because they taste awful." you sighed, and he gave you a slight pout.

"What?"

"Why didn't you ever tell me, Steve? I would've come over more often and given you some of my blood."

"I know you would've but I don't want you coming here all the time to feed me. I could hurt you, ya know- like what if one day I took to much? I could seriously hu-"

"Now you stop right there, Steve!" your shift in voice startling him.

"You have never once hurt me when feeding. You always make sure to be extra cautious and always ask me if anything hurts or if I feel light headed. I know you would never hurt me Steve, so please don't ever starve yourself again if you need my blood. Do you understand?" you pointed at him, giving him a stern look making him gulp.

"Yes (Y/N), I promise to call you if I need your blood." you nodded your head, moving in front of him on your butt beckoning him to come sit on your lap. He obliged, revealing dark navy blue boxers as

the only thing he was wearing. You pulled the left side of your shirt down revealing more of your neck to him.

“Now go ahead and eat Baby, you need to get back your strength.” Steve breathe stopped for a moment, as he looked at you with worrisome eyes.

“You are not gonna hurt me Baby, I’ll be fine. C’mon eat up.” Steve’s eyes were already a glossy red, his mouth was agape showing his two long canines. He leaned down to your neck as suddenly you felt what could be thought of two needles breaching your skin. You didn’t jump though as the feeling you were pretty much use to. Steve’s hands settled at the side of his arms, gripping them lightly as you felt blood move out of your body. You stayed still for another minute before he pulled away to face you leaving your shoulder feeling wet. Your blood was dripping down his lips, he was panting as he licked his them, his pupils almost fully blown out.

“Baby, you know you need more than that. Please eat, I’ll tell you when to stop if that makes you feel better.” you spoke softly pushing back the strands of hair that were in his face. He nodded, leaning back down, biting down in the exact same spot. You rubbed his back as he fed trying to get him more relaxed and comfortable in your lap.

“Oh my sweet hungry lil vampire~” you cooed, as you continued to let Steve feed until he felt full.